

I went Euromad out on the road last fall  
Between the Roman churches and the German music halls  
Were it not for Mr. Gordon and his fine distillery  
I might have never got this far, it would be all the same to me

It started in Bologna when I stepped between the lights  
I thought I'd lost my charisma my life flashed before my eyes  
The communists rejected me, I didn't fit their plan  
And anyway I must assume they're anti-American

It might have been Geneva in a darkened discotheque  
And though I met Sophia, I still got it in the neck  
A journalist he spied on me like I always knew they would  
He wrote me off like a business trip I felt deeply misunderstood

Or maybe it was Paris blazing dignity and pride  
It's a city full of heiresses where I very nearly died  
I woke up in the circus with a whistling in my ears  
I'm ready for the antidote can you tell me what it is

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